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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

TIONESTA LODGE
 No. 369,
I. O. of O. F.
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 7
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied
 by the Good Templars.
JAS. WOODINGTON, N. G.
A. B. KELLY, Sec'y.

Samuel D. Irwin,
ATTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AT LAW
 AND REAL ESTATE AGENT. Legal
 business promptly attended to. Tionesta,
 Pa. 40-ly.

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PETTIS & TATE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 21st Street, TIONESTA, PA.

W. W. Mason,
George A. Jenks,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Elm
 Street, above Walnut, Tionesta, Pa.

F. W. Hays,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY
 PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s
 Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-ly

F. KINNEAR,
KINNEAR & SMILEY,
 Attorneys at Law, Franklin, Pa.

PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ve-
 nango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining
 counties. 39-ly.

HARRIS & FASSETT,
 Attorneys at Law, Tionesta, Penn'a.

PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren,
 Crawford, Forest and Venango Coun-
 ties. 49-ly.

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SURGEON DENTIST, in Schonbiom's
 Building, between Centre and Sycamore
 Sts., Oil City, Pa.
 All operations done in a careful manner
 and warranted. Chloroform and ether ad-
 ministered when required if the case will
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DENTIST, Centre Street, Oil City, Pa.
 in Schenck's Block.

Lawrence House,
TIONESTA, PA., G. O. BUTTER
 FIELD, PROPRIETOR. This house is
 centrally located. Everything new and
 well furnished. Superior accommodations
 and strict attention given to guests.
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served
 in their season. Sample room for Com-
 mercial Agents.

FOREST HOUSE,
D. BLACK PROPRIETOR. Opposite
 Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just
 opened. Everything new and clean and
 fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly
 on hand. A portion of the public patron-
 age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1v

Tionesta House.
G. T. LATIMER, Lessee, Elm St. Tio-
 nesta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek.
 Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the
 Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-
 pletely. All who patronize him will be
 well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-ly

National Hotel,
TIDIOUTE, PA., Benj. Elliott, proprie-
 tor. This house has been newly fur-
 nished and is kept in good style. Guests
 will be made comfortable here at reason-
 able rates. 8-ly.

Dr. J. L. Acomb,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, who has
 had fifteen years' experience in a large
 and successful practice, will attend all
 Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and
 Grocery Store, located in Tidioute, near
 Tidioute House.

IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,
 Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,
 Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and
 will be sold at reasonable rates.

DR. CHAS. O. DAY, an experienced
 Physician and Druggist from New York,
 has charge of the Store. All prescriptions
 put up accurately.

M. E. MAY, JNO. F. PARK, A. B. KELLY,
MAY, PARK & CO.,
BANKERS
 Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.

Bank of Discount and Deposit.
 Interest allowed on Time Deposits.
 Collections made on all the Principal points
 of the U. S.

Collections solicited. 18-ly.

NEW BILLIARD ROOMS!
 ADJOINING the Tionesta House, at the
 mouth of Tionesta Creek. The tables
 and room are new, and everything kept in
 order. To lovers of the game a cordial
 invitation is extended to come and play
 in the new room. 43-ly

G. T. LATIMER, Lessee.

D. W. CLARK,
 (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.)
REAL ESTATE AGENT.
 Houses and Lots for Sale and RENT.
 Wild Lands for Sale.

I have superior facilities for ascertaining
 the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c.,
 and am therefore qualified to act intelli-
 gently as agent of those living at a dis-
 tance, owning lands in the County.
 Offices in Commissioners Room, Court
 House, Tionesta, Pa. 8-11-ly.

D. W. CLARK.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,
 OFFICE and residence opposite the
 Lawrence House. Office days Wednes-
 days and Saturdays. 36-4f.

F. WENK,
 Has established a
 new and complete LIVERY STABLE in
 the barn in the rear of the Lawrence House
 and is prepared to furnish rigs of all kinds
 on short notice. Orders left at the Law-
 rence House will receive prompt atten-
 tion. 38-ly.

THE BOOT & SHOE STORE
OF TIDIOUTE!

N. E. STEVENS, Proprietor. Parties
 in want of FINE Boots and Shoes will
 always find a good assortment at Stevens'.
 When you call, just say "From Tionesta".
 and you will be liberally dealt with.
 6-4m N. E. STEVENS.

FINE GROCERIES,
CHOICE CIGARS, TOBACCO, CANNED
FRUITS, STATIONERY,
AND NOTIONS,
 for sale at J. B. Agnew's Store Room, in
 Bonner & Agnew's Block.

ALSO,
FRESH OYSTERS, by the can or served
 to order. 29-1f.

Frank Robbins,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
 (SUCCESSOR TO DEMING.)

Pictures in every style of the art. Views
 of the oil regions for sale or taken to order.
 CENTRE STREET, near B. R. crossing.
 SYCAMORE STREET, near Union De-
 pot, Oil City, Pa. 20-4f

LOTS FOR SALE!
 IN THE

BOROUGH OF TIONESTA.

Apply to **GEO. G. SICKLES,**
 79, Nassau St., New York City.

WM. F. BLUM,
BLACKSMITH
 AND

WAGON-MAKER.
 Corner of Church and Elm Streets,
TIONESTA, PA.

This firm is prepared to do all work in
 its line, and will warrant everything done
 at their shops to give satisfaction. Par-
 ticular attention given to

HORSE-SHOEING,
 Give them a trial, and you will not re-
 gret it. 13-ly.

PHOTOGRAPH ALLERY.
 Water Street,
 OVER HILBRONNER & CO.'S STORE,
Tionesta, Pa.,
M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.

E. KLEIN,
 TIDIOUTE, PA.
 Dealer in
 Fine Watches,
 Clocks,
 Jewelry,
 Spectacles, etc.

All repairing in
 this line neatly done
 and warranted. Par-
 ticular attention paid
 to the repairing of
 Watches.

NEW
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE
IN TIONESTA.

GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.
 HAVE just brought on a complete and
 carefully selected stock of

FLOUR,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
 and everything necessary to the complete
 stock of a first-class Grocery House, which
 they have opened out at their establish-
 ment on Elm St., first door north of M. E.
 Church.

COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS,
SYRUPS, FRUITS,
HAMS, SPICES, LARD,
AND PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
 at the lowest cash prices. Goods warrant-
 ed to be of the best quality. Call and ex-
 amine, and we believe we can suit you.
 GEO. W. BOVARD & CO.
 Jan. 9, '72.

HIS X MARK.
 BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"Now of all the distinctions of man,
 The highest is his infinite power of amend-
 ment, of reputation, of recovery, of im-
 provement."

CHAPTER I.
 I never liked Leigh Page. His life
 was of all others the most distasteful
 to me—an utterly aimless, drifting ex-
 istence, without strong desire, either
 for good or evil.

He had talents certainly,—a keen
 wit and subtle analysis—but he used
 them only for caricature and burlesque.
 His very tone had a drawl, and his
 face a latent sneer. But his friends
 (who were few) said he was capable
 of kind and generous acts, and the
 Goulricks (his half-sister's family)
 seemed absolutely devoted to him.

Curtis Rolles, my young adjutant,
 would have disliked him less but for
 this. Like him, he never could, be-
 cause there was an inborn lack of con-
 geniality between the two; Leigh,
 blasé and indifferent, and Curtis,
 passionate, shy, thoroughly in earnest,
 and full of intense vitality. But he
 was engaged to Rachel Goulrick,
 (George Goulrick's youngest sister),
 and her admiration for Leigh Page,
 and gratification for his kindness to
 her brother's family, almost drove
 Curtis wild with jealousy, although he
 tried to, and I believe did, conceal it
 from her.

But I knew a crisis was imminent
 when I heard her reprove her lover
 indignantly for uttering a rather severe
 criticism upon Leigh Page's idle life
 in her presence. "No one shall speak
 before me against him!" she said, ex-
 citedly, and the quick tears stood in
 her dark-blue eyes, "when he has been
 the kindest, truest friend my brother
 ever had. We might be beggars now
 but for him!"

Curtis Rolles did not reply, but I
 saw him bite his lip and clench his
 hand as if with sudden pain, and I
 knew his passion was at fever-heat.

He had offered at the time of
 George's failure to do all which Leigh
 had done, and he suspected the latter
 of making capital of his kindness to
 the brother in order to influence the
 sister.

So when I entered the mess room
 that night, and found Leigh Page ex-
 hibiting to a crowd of amused com-
 panions some clever caricatures on
 Curtis Rolles,—and they hit fairly
 enough, poor fellow, for Curtis was too
 earnest not to be vulnerable—I felt
 uneasy.

At last I said to Leigh Page—"My
 good fellow! you had better put these
 things aside. Curtis will be here soon,
 and this sort of thing won't do. One
 has a prejudice against a joke on one's
 self, you know."

Leigh Page gave me a defiant stare
 out of his lazy blue eyes, and threw
 the drawings down on the table, in full
 view of the group now entering the
 door. Curtis Rolles was one.

"What's this?" asked Burton An-
 drews, sauntering up to the table. "It's
 a mighty clever thing! Why, Curtis,
 it is you to the life, my boy!"

Curtis Rolles looked at it in silence,
 and his boyish features began to grow
 curiously stern; but the very force of
 passion kept him outwardly quiet.

"You meant these as insulting to
 me, Mr. Page?" he asked.

"If you find the truth an insult, Mr.
 Rolles, replied Leigh, with a cool,
 sneering laugh. "Your friends recog-
 nize the resemblance."

A fierce blow in the face felled him
 to the earth; another and another fell
 with blind, passionate power, until the
 men separated them by force; but
 Leigh Page had had no opportunity to
 retaliate, and we knew the affair would
 not end there. The first stroke half
 stunned him, and when he left the
 room, bruised, scarred, and bleeding,
 not even his mother would have recog-
 nized his face.

But in a few days he had recovered
 sufficiently to go out, and it was sus-
 pected that a challenge had been sent.
 Thursday evening he was among the
 officers on the parade ground, though
 Curtis Rolles was also there, of course,
 but no sign of recognition passed be-
 tween him and Leigh Page, or his
 friends.

There was a large crowd of specta-
 tors present, and among them, Rachel
 Goulrick. She was a light-hearted,
 impulsive girl, almost as quick with a
 jest as with the flash of temper which
 marked her displeasure. This even-
 ing she looked pale and downcast. I
 was standing near her when two men be-
 gan discussing the chances of a duel.

They seemed to think there was no
 doubt of it.

"Oh, dear! and will no man try to
 stop them?" she exclaimed, in low,
 passionate tones; and then, before I
 quite understood the situation, the
 whole crowd, about to disperse, were
 arrested by seeing her slight girlish

figure rush into the square where Leigh
 Page was standing.

Curtis Rolles tried to stop her, but
 she waved him back with an imperious
 gesture that would not be gainsaid.

Leigh Page did not see her; he was
 talking to another officer, when he
 heard her voice, tremulous, vibrating
 with intense emotion, as she knelt on
 the earth before him.

"Since Curtis Rolles will not ask
 your pardon, I, his betrothed, on whose
 heart this failure and shame lies heav-
 ily, I ask it on my knees. And," as
 she lifted her hands to heaven, as if
 to call it as witness to her words, "I
 will never marry him until he makes
 reparation for the blow."

Leigh Page caught her hand in both
 of his.

"I recall my challenge." He turned
 to Curtis Rolles, and said, in a clear,
 ringing voice, "and I apologize for my
 rudeness before. Gentlemen!" he said
 to the officers standing by, "I do not
 need to prove my courage now?"

There was the scar of a sabre-cut
 across his hand, which was visible as
 he turned aside from the kneeling girl,
 and the spectators uttered a shout of
 applause. No man indeed doubted
 Leigh Page's bravery.

Then Rachel's brother came for-
 ward, and she went with him, but not
 until some earnest, graceful words of
 praise from Leigh Page had brought
 tears to her eyes. They streamed
 down her cheeks as she lowered her
 veil and moved away, without a word,
 to Curtis Rolles.

The young fellow looked out to the
 soul. He had refused to acknowledge
 Leigh Page's words to him by the
 slightest signs; he did move once as
 he spoke to Rachel the last time, but
 except for that, it might have been a
 marble statue standing there. The ex-
 pression in his face was one that Shak-
 speare had painted with one line of
 matchless pathos in his "Cymbeline."

Past hope and in despair; that way past
 grace.

And I did not know how such a rup-
 ture, between two natures so tenacious
 and persistent, could be healed.

CHAPTER II.

Leigh Page and Rachel Goulrick
 had been together for an hour in the
 garden. It was now twilight in the
 old, dark town of St. Augustine, and
 the early moon glimmered on the
 southern waters, and fell, shivered in-
 to a thousand fragments, through the
 palmetto leaves on the ground uncer-
 nantly. Large white moths floated
 dreamily in aerial circles over its frag-
 rant blossoms and the moonlit orange-
 boughs.

The voice of the speaker seemed
 eager and tremulous as he spoke of his
 love for the young girl by him, whose
 dark eyes drooped under his own. He
 told her that she was like a new and
 pure life to him, and that for her sake
 he could overlive his worthless and
 aimless past.

"But I do not love you," she said,
 softly, "except as a dear friend. I love
 Curtis Rolles. Overlive your past for
 a nobler sake than mine."

He was about to speak again, when
 the sound of music broke upon the
 air. It was some one playing the love-
 ly Haydn Sonata of Beethoven. The
 melody seemed to float into the moon-
 light and shadow, and infuse them with
 a strange passion and pain. An infinite
 sweetness of desire thrilled through,
 while long, sorrowful, sighing notes
 trembled in the exquisite *andante*
 movement. It was as if a soul on the
 confines of eternity spoke to the souls
 behind in unearthly entreaty and ten-
 derness.

As it died away, Leigh Page answer-
 ed, with a low tone: "Then make your
 lover happy. Do not let me feel that
 I have blighted your two lives; and,
 indeed, I was to blame for the for the
 first provocation. There is no repara-
 tion due to me now. Do not think of
 me, but forgive him, and make him
 happy."

She turned a face glowing with en-
 thusiasm toward him. "I know my
 judgment of you was truest. You are
 very generous, but I must be loyal
 to my sense of right as to my lover;
 and my vow is between my soul and
 Heaven. You cannot lessen its force."

He took her trembling hand in his,
 and kissed it with a reverential ten-
 derness.

"I wish that you could have loved
 me," he said. "I wish I could have
 made you happy. No one could love
 you more."

And he went away. Three months
 had gone by, and still Rachel Goul-
 rick and Curtis Rolles were estranged.
 Leigh Page was ill in the old Strega-
 ras house, a mile from town; and as
 yet there had been no further sign of
 reconciliation between the two men,
 although it was understood that Leigh
 Page would accept any advances for
 Rachel Goulrick's sake.

But Curtis Rolles was proud, (as
 such a keenly-sensitive and fiery na-
 ture only could be,) and I thought he
 would rather die than yield.

He came into my room late one
 night. His eyes had a heavy look
 about them, and his mouth wore a list-
 less, tried expression, as different as
 possible from the bright, merry smile
 of four months ago.

"I thought Rachel Goulrick's con-
 scientiousness was morbid; it seemed
 cruel and wicked to sacrifice a young
 life—indeed, the happiness of two lives
 —to a mere scruple; and I said so very
 strongly."

He fired up at once, and, to my sur-
 prise, defended her.

"She is right! and I am not such a
 brute yet as even to wish to change her,
 or lower her to my level for my plea-
 sure. I know what she says is true,
 and my whole soul revolts from it. I
 can't give up, and I am not worthy of
 her!"

"You look tired," I said, pityingly,
 as the flush faded, and he leaned back
 exhausted.

"Yes," he answered, "I am glad of
 it. If I could only chill my own
 thoughts always by fatigue I might be
 happier. Colonel, if you will let me,
 I will sleep here to-night."

I agreed readily, for I did not feel
 easy about the boy; such a state of
 misery was the very worst for soul or
 body.

We were awakened at half-past
 three by a dull, roaring sound in our
 ears, and as I sprang up hastily, I saw
 the whole horizon crimson with a belt
 of flames.

"It is on the Stregaras road!" I ex-
 claimed, as I looked out.

Curtis did not answer, but I saw by
 the flash in his eyes and the sudden
 compression of his lips that he remem-
 bered Leigh Page.

I did not ask what he was going to
 do. I did not doubt him more than
 my own life.

We dressed hurriedly, sprang on
 our horses, and were on the road in
 less time than it takes to write these
 few lines.

The blaze and clouds of smoke were
 awful to the right of us. We could
 hear the forest trees crack and fall
 one by one with a crash, as we rode.
 Presently we neared the burning re-
 gion, and our horses began to be restive
 and to shy from the smoking brands.

We got down, and tied them near a
 pool of water, which had already been
 burned for some distance around.

Then we hastened on, still without a
 word, to the old house. It was still
 standing, though the smoke was blown
 in such volumes between us, that we
 could just see it occasionally, as a gust
 of wind cleared away the thick cloud
 for a few minutes and it rolled back
 again.

"I am not too late!" cried Curtis,
 and his eyes flashed with exultation.

There were some men standing on
 the lawn, and they tried to stop him.
 "You cannot save him; the room is
 too far back. It is at the peril of your
 life," they shouted; but he had already
 gone.

I followed, but he was so far ahead
 that when I reached the upper stair-
 case, I met him with the insensible
 form of Leigh Page in his arm.

A brand from the falling door had
 struck him as he came out, and left a
 burned and bleeding wound on his
 forehead, but he looked as if a new
 life were bounding in every vein and
 fiber.

His example animated the lookers-
 on to new efforts, and at last the fire
 was suppressed.

Leigh Page recovered, and after-
 wards went to a new station in the far
 West, where he did his country noble
 and true service. I never saw him af-
 ter he left St. Augustine.

Curtis Rolles and Rachel Goulrick
 were married. Curtis always had a
 zigzag scar on his brow, which, by a
 curious coincidence, was in the same
 place that he had struck his enemy in
 the face; but we, who knew how it
 came there, never thought that it dis-
 figured his eyes, manly countenance.

Rachel's eyes were never so full of
 tender, passionate love and enthusi-
 asm, nor her voice so full of emotion,
 as when she looked at it, for she be-
 lieved, with her whole heart, that the
 noblest work of man was to atone and
 make reparation for a wrong. This
 scar—his *x mark*, as the old signatures
 have it—was in her sight the sign and
 symbol of the noblest and highest
 honor.—*To-Day.*

The common phrase, "I thought I
 should kill myself laughing," became
 a sad reality with a man in Massachu-
 setts last Friday morning. He was
 engaged in conversation with his wife
 and laughing very heartily, when sud-
 denly he said, "Stop; you make me
 laugh too much," and falling to the
 floor instantly expired.

A stoical Scotchman was addressed
 by his sick wife: "Oh, John I shan't
 leave this bed alive." "Please thee-
 self, Betty, and thee'll please me," re-
 turned John, with equanimity. "I
 have been a good wife to you" persis-
 ted the dying woman. "Middlin Bet-
 ty, only middlin."

GOING TO SPELLING SCHOOL.
 That fair young creature who went
 with us! It don't make any difference
 that she went back on her word, grew
 up to be a hatchet-faced old maid, her
 voice like a file and her temper catnap
 —she was lovely then. "Would the
 fair and lovely Augusta accept our
 company to a spelling school out at
 Duck Lane, Thursday night?" The
 fair Augusta would, she said, and she
 did. Such a moon, such an easy mo-
 tion of the sleigh! Such singing in
 chorus! Every girl had a front door
 key in her pocket, and every young
 man felt as if he could climb a shed
 40,000 feet high to get into his own
 chamber window. That fair young
 creature how she pretended to shiver
 with cold until an arm was gently and
 affectionately placed around her deli-
 cate waist. Then the weather sudden-
 ly grew warmer, and she didn't shiver
 any more. It was a beautiful night.
 We observed that Bill Jones and Sarah
 Smith seemed very affectionate. She
 said it seemed so to her, but having
 stuck the end of a horse blanket in
 her eye, she wasn't prepared to make
 an affidavit. Somehow after that the
 conversation began to grow more and